

# THE CHARLOTTE JOURNAL.

"PERPETUAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY," FOR "POWER IS ALWAYS STEALING FROM THE MANY TO THE FEW."

VOLUME XIX.

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T. J. HOLTON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

## TERMS.

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Postmaster is authorized to act as agent.

## WEEKLY ALMANAC.

APRIL, 1849.	Sun	Moon	MOON'S PHASES.
11 Friday	5 56 55	Per May, 1849.	
12 Saturday	5 56 55		
13 Sunday	5 56 55		
14 Monday	5 56 55		
15 Tuesday	5 56 55		
16 Wednesday	5 56 55		
17 Thursday	5 56 55		

## POETRY.



## GENTLENESS.

BY MRS. HENRY.  
If thou hast crushed a flower,  
The root may not be blighted;  
If thou hast quenched a lamp,  
Once more it may be lighted.  
Put on thy heart or on thy lute,  
The string which thou hast broken,  
Shall never in sweet sound again  
Give to thy touch a token.  
If thou hast loosed a bird,  
Whose voice of song could cheer thee;  
Still, still, he may be won  
From the skies to warble near thee.  
But if upon the troubled sea,  
Thou hast been thrown a wave unheeded,  
Hope not that the wind or wave shall bring  
The treasure back when heeded.  
If thou hast bruised a vine,  
The summer's breath is heaving,  
And its cluster yet may glow  
Through the leaves their bloom revealing.  
But if thou hast a cup overturned,  
With bright draught filled—oh, never  
Shall the earth give back that lavished wealth  
To cool thy parched lips' fever.  
The heart is like that cup.  
If thou wast the love it bore thee,  
And like that pearl gone,  
Which the deep will not restore thee;  
And that string of hope or love  
Whence the sweet sound is scattered—  
Gently, oh, gently touch the chords,  
So soon forever shattered!

## Miscellaneous.

### From the Olive Branch.

### THE YOUNG BRIDE.

We read the following tale with no little interest, and transfer it to our columns for the benefit of the moral. Oh, that the children of pride and vanity would spare some useless superfluities, and practice that charity which is twice blessed—ever on earth.  
Emma had wheeled the sofa in front of the fire, and as Charles sat idly beside her, he was a happy fellow. Alas! he had as yet only drunk the bubbles in the cup. Emma looked lovely, for the glow of the warm coal fire had given a bloom to her usually pale cheek, which heightened the lustre of her dark eye. But there came a shade of thought over Emma's brow, and her husband instantly remarked it. "It is strange how a husband sees clouds over his wife's brow," he said. "Was the first that Charles ever saw there, and it excited his tenderest inquiries. Was she unwell? Did she wish for anything?—Emma hesitated; she blushed and looked down.—Charles pressed to know what had cast such a shadow over her spirits. 'I fear you will think me very silly—but Mary French has been sitting with me this afternoon.' 'Not that, certainly,' said Charles, smiling. 'Oh, no; but you may recollect we began to keep house at nearly the same time, only they sent by Brent to New York for carpeting. Mary would make me walk down to Brent's store this evening with her, and he has bought two—they are such loves.' Charles bit his lips. 'Mary,' she continued, 'said you were doing a first rate business, and she was sure you would never let that odious Wilton lay in the parlor, if you once saw that splendid Brussels; rich and so cheap—only seventy five dollars.' Now the 'odious Wilton' had been selected by Charles' mother and presented to them; and the color deepened on his cheek, as his animated bride continued, 'Suppose we walk down to Brent's and look at it; there are only two, and it seems a pity not to secure it.' 'Emma,' said Charles, gravely, 'you are mistaken if you suppose my business will justify extravagance. It will be useless to look at the carpet, as we have one that will answer very well, and it is perfectly new.' Emma's vivacity fled. And she sat awkwardly picking her nails. Charles felt embarrassed—he drew out his watch and put it back—whistled, and finally spying a periodical on Emma's table, began to read aloud some beautiful verses. His voice was well formed, and he soon entered into the spirit of the writer, and forgot his embarrassment; when looking into Emma's eyes, how he was surprised, instead of the

glow of sympathetic feeling he expected to meet, to see her head bent in her hands; evident displeasure on her brow, and a tear trickling slowly down her cheek.  
Charles was a sensible young man—I wish there was more of them.—and he reflected a moment before he said, 'Emma, my love, get your bonnet and your cloak on, and walk with me, if you please.' Emma, looked as if she would pout a little longer, but Charles said 'come,' with such serious gravity on his countenance, that Emma thought proper to accede; and nothing doubting that it was to purchase the carpet, took his arm with a smile of triumph. They crossed several streets in the direction of Brent's, until they at last stood before the door of a miserable tenement in a back street.

'Where in the world are you taking me?' inquired Emma, shrinking back. Charles quietly led her forward, and lifting the latch, they stood in a little room, around the grate of which three small children were hovering close to the cold wind swept through the crevices in the decayed walls. An emaciated being, whose shrunk features, sparkling eyes, and flushed cheeks, spoke a deadly consumption, lay on a wretched low bed, the slight covering of which barely kept her from freezing; while a spectral babe, whose black eyes looked unnaturally large from its extreme thinness, was endeavoring to draw sustenance from its dying mother.

'How are you to-day, Mrs. Wright?' inquired Charles. The woman, feebly raised herself on her arm. 'Is that you, Mr. West? Oh, how glad I am you're come—but your mother?' 'Has not been at home for a month; and the lady who promised her to look after you in your absence, only informed me to-day of your increased illness.' 'I have been very ill,' she replied, looking back on her straw bed. Emma drew near; she arranged the pillow and the bed-clothes over the feeble sufferer, but her heart was too full to speak. Charles observed it and felt satisfied. 'Is that beautiful girl your bride?' 'I heard you were married.' 'Yes, and in my mother's absence she will see you do not suffer.'—'Bless you Charles West, bless you for a good son of a good mother, may your wife deceive you. You know that is wishing a good deal for you—and very good to think of it,' she said, looking at Emma, 'and you are just married!' Charles saw that Emma could not speak, and he hurried her home, promising to send the woman some word that night.

The moment Emma reached home she burst into tears. 'My dear Emma,' said Charles, soothingly, 'I hope I have not given you too severe a shock. It is sometimes salutary to look on the miseries of others that we may properly appreciate our own happiness. Here is a purse containing \$75; you may spend it as you please.' 'It is unnecessary to add that the 'odious Wilton' kept its place; but the shivering children of want were taught to bless the name of Emma West, which formed the last articulate murmur on the lips of the dying sufferer.

### Becky Wilson's Courtship.

'Oh, now, Becky, do tell us all about it?' said the girls.  
Becky hadn't been married more'n a month, and hadn't got over her bashfulness yet.

'But what?' said she.

'Why, 'bout your courtship,' said the girls.

'Shaw! 'saw she, turning her head and blushing dreadfully: 'You better tell your courtships yourselves, I reckon.'

'Yes, but none of us ever had any beaux, Becky, and you's a married woman.—Come, now, do tell us all about it. I do love to hear about courtin' so much,' said Betty Bowers.

'Oh, yes, Becky, do tell us.'

'Well,' said Becky, after a great deal of blushing and twining, about, 'I'll tell you all how it was, if that'll satisfy you.'

'Well,' said the girls, all gitten round her so they could hear good.

'Well,' said Becky, putting an emphasis on about every other word, 'John, he came to our house to see me, 'saw she, turning away her head, kind o' lookin' down sideways under her arm. 'Fool! he better go to see hisself, I reckon. Gracious knows, I didn't care nothin' about him.'

'Well,' said the girls.

'Well, John said he loved me. Fool! better love hisself, I reckon.'

'Oh, that's so funny,' said the girls—'go on!'

'Shaw!' said Becky, 'I won't tell no more.'

'Oh, yes, do—do, Becky?' said all of 'em.

'Well, then—John, he asked no if I wouldn't have him. Him, fool better love hisself, I reckon.'

'Then what did you say?'

'Hem! I never sed nothin'. Gracious knows, he wasn't gwine to gal nothin'—out of me.'

'Oh, oh! see all the gals'—do go on Becky!'

'Then John, he axed mother if he moughtn't have me. Fool! better have hisself, I reckon.'

'Well,' said the girls.

'Well, mother, she got kind o' flustered and sed yes. Fool! she better mind her own business, I reckon.'

'And then what?'

'Then, John he axed daddy, if he moughtn't have me; and daddy, he got kind a flustered, too, and sed yes, too.'

'That's the sort of daddy's, sed the gals and rubbin' their hands.'

'Then mammy she went to town and got a white frock for me and white gloves to put on my hands, for me to be married to

John. Hem, fool! she better be married to him herself, I reckon.'

'Well,' said the gals, 'go on Becky.'

'Shaw, now I sint gwine to tell you no more about it, so I sint.'

'Oh, yes, Becky, do go on! Oh, do tell us all about the wedding, Becky—that's a good soul.'

'Oh, do, now, that's a good soul.'

'Well, bimely the preacher man he come to our house, and a whole heap of people to marry me. Fools! they great deal better staid home, I reckon. Gracious knows I didn't want to see 'em.'

'Never mind Becky—go on.'

'Well, then, John he come to take me up to the preacher man, for to do married. Fool! I never did feel so mad, and then, Oh, shaw, gals, I sint tell any more.'

'O, yes—go on, Becky.'

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